



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

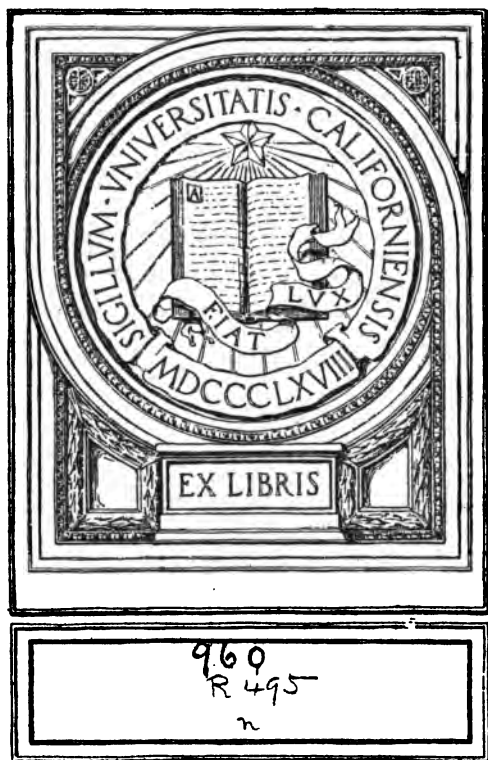
960
R495
n



\$B 299 229

*A NIGHT IN
AVIGNON*

GALE YOUNG RICE







A NIGHT IN AVIGNON

A NIGHT IN AVIGNON

BY

CALE YOUNG RICE

Author of "Charles Di Tocca," "David,"
"Plays and Lyrics," etc.



Copyright, 1913,
by
Doubleday, Page & Company

NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
MCMXIII

Copyright, 1907, by
CALE YOUNG RICE

Published, March, 1907

THE
LIBRARY
OF THE
CONGRESS

'TO
DONALD ROBERTSON

324919

A NIGHT IN AVIGNON

CHARACTERS

FRANCESCO PETRARCA *A Young Poet and Scholar*

GHERARDO *His Brother, a Monk*

LELLO *His Friend*

ORSO *His Servant*

FILIPPA } *Ladies of light life in Avig-*
SANCIÀ } *non*

MADONNA LAURA

A NIGHT IN AVIGNON

SCENE: *A room in the chambers of PETRARCA at Avignon. It opens on a loggia overlooking, on higher ground, the spired church of Santa Clara and the gray cloisters of a Carthusian monastery. Beyond lie the city walls under glamour of the blue Provençal night.*

The room, faintly frescoed, is lighted with many candles; some glittering on a wine-table heavy with wines toward the right front. A door on the left leads to other rooms, and an arrased one opposite,

70
A NIGHT IN AVIGNON

down to the street. Bookshelves and a writing-desk strewn with a lute and writings are also on the left; a crimson couch is in the centre; and garlands of myrtle and laurel deck the wine-table.

GHERARDO, the monk, is seated by the desk, following with severe looks the steps of PETRARCA, who is walking feverishly to and fro.

Gherardo (after a pause). Listen. Another word, Francesco.

Petrarca.

Aih!

And then another—that will breed another.

Gherardo. Dote on this Laura still—if still you must:

Woman's your destiny.

But quench these lights and set away that
wine.

Petrarca. And to no other lips turn? hers
denied me?

Never, Gherardo!

Gherardo. Virtue bids you.

Petrarca. Vainly!

I've borne until I will not . . . For it is
Two years now since in the aisles
Of Santa Clara yonder my heart first
Went from me on mad wings.
Two years this April morning
Since it fell fluttering before her feet . . .
As she stood there beside our blessed Lady,
Gowned as young Spring in green and
violets! . . .

Gherardo. And these two years have been
inviolate;

Your life as pure as hers,

As virgin—

Save for the songs you've sung to her;
those songs

This idle city echoes with. But now——

Petrarca. Now I will open all the gates to
Pleasure!

To rosy Pleasure—warm, unspiritual,

Ready to spring

Into the arms of all

Whom bloodless Virtue pales.

For, of restraint and hoping, I have drunk

But a vintage of tears!

And what has been my gain?

Gherardo.

Her chastity.

Petrarca. A chastity unchallenged of desire—

And therefore none!

Aih, none!

For, were it other;

Could I aver that once, that ever once

Her lids had fallen low in fear of love,

I'd bid the desert of my heart burn dry—

To the last oasis—

With resignation!

But never have they, never! and I'm mad.

(Pours out wine.)

Gherardo. And you will seek to cure it with
more madness?

To cast the devil of love out of your veins

With other love and lower!

Petrarca. Yes, yes, yes! (*drinks.*)

With little Sancia's!

Whose soul is a sweet sin!

Who lives but for this life and asks of

Death

Only a breath of time before he ends it,

To tell three beads and fill her mouth with

aves.

Just for enough, she says,

"To tell God that He made me"—as He
did.

Gherardo. And to blaspheme with! O ob-
sessed man.

(*Has risen, flushed.*)

But you will fail! For this vain revelry

Will ease not. And I see all love is base—

As say the Fathers—

All! . . . and the body of woman

Is vile from the beginning.

Petrarca.

Monkish lies!

(Drinks again for courage.)

The body of woman's born of bliss and
beauty.

Only one thing is fairer—that's her soul.

Gherardo. And is that Word which says thou
shalt not look

Upon another's wife a monkish lie?

(Silence.)

Your Laura is another's.

Petrarca (torn).

As I found!

After my heart became a poison flame—
Within me!

A fierce inquisitor against my peace!
After I followed her from Santa Clara,
That mass-hour,
To an escutcheoned door!
After and not before . . . And such another's!
Ugo di Sade's!
A beast whose sullen mind two thoughts
would drain;
Whose breath is a poltroon's;
Who is unkind. . . . I've seen her weep;
who loves
Her not. . . . And yet the fane of song I
frame her,
The love I burn on it, she laughs away.
To hide her own? . . . I will not so believe.

Gherardo. Nor should you.

Petrarca. Yet you bid me quarry still

The deeps of me to shrine her?

And be Avignon's laughter?

A mock, a titter on the tongue of geese

That gad the city gates?

A type of fools that sigh while others kiss?

"Francesco Petrarca!

Who never clasped his mistress—but in a
sonnet!

Who fills empty canzone with his passion—

But never her ears!

Never!—though she was wed against her
will

To an unlettered boor out bartering—

One whom she well could leave!" . . .

I'll not, Gherardo! . . . Sonnets?

(Tears several from desk.)

Vain, all! . . .

(Casts them away.)

But Lello comes! and brings me Sancia!

Filippa! merry Filippa and Sancia!

We'll drink!—wine of Rocella!

Wine of the Rhine! Bielna! San Porciano!—

And kiss!

(Throws back his head.)

Kiss with the lips of life and not of . . .

*(A knell has begun to beat from the church
without. He hears it, and, awed,
sinks, crossing himself, to the couch.)*

(GHERARDO, exalted, shudders.)

Gherardo. It is the knell of Matteo Banista,

Whose soul is gone for its licentious days
Upon steep purgatory.

(Prepares to go.)

Your sin be on you . . . and it will.

Petrarca (fearful).

No! . . . no!

(Starts up.)

But hear, Gherardo, hear!

(His words come stifled.)

There in the cloister have you peace—in
prayer?

In visions—penances? . . .

Swear that you have! swear to me! once!

. . . but once!

And I . . . ! . . .

No, never! . . . never!

(He wipes his brow.)

While we are in the world the world's in us.
The Holy Church I own—
Confess her Heaven's queen;
But we are flesh and all things that are fair
God made us to enjoy—
Or, high in Paradise, we'll know but
sorrow.

You though would ban earth's beauty,
Even the torch of Glory
That kindled Italy once and led great
Greece—

The torch of Plato, Homer, Virgil, all
The sacred bards and sages, pagan-born!
I love them! they are divine!
And so to-night . . . ! . . .

(Voices.)

They! it is Lello! Lello! Sancia!—

(Hears a lute and laughter below, then a call, "Sing, Sancia"; then SANCIA singing:)

To the maids of Saint Remy

All the gallants go for pleasure;

To the maids of Saint Remy—

Tripping to love's measure!

To the dames of Avignon

All the masters go for wiving;

To the dames of Avignon—

That shall be their shriving!

(He goes to the Loggia as they gayly applaud. Then LELLO cries:)

Lello. Ho-ho! Petrarca! Pagan! are you
in?

What! are you sonnet-monger?

Petrarca.

Ai, ai, aih!

(Motions GHERARDO—who goes.)

Lello. Come then! Your door is locked!

down! let us in!

(Rattles it.)

Petrarca. No, ribald! hold! the key is on the
sill!

Look for it and ascend!

(ORSO enters.)

Stay, here is Orso!

*(The old servant goes through and down
the stairs to meet them. In a moment
the tramp of feet is heard and they
enter—LELLO between them—singing:)*

Guelph! Guelph! and Ghibbeline!

Ehyo! ninni! onni! ònz!

I went fishing on All Saints' Day

And—caught but human bones!

I went fishing on All Saints' Day.

The Rhone ran swift, the wind blew black!

I went fishing on All Saints' Day—

But my love called me back!

She called me back and she kissed my
lips—

Oh, my lips! Oh, onni! ònz!

"Better take life than death," said she,

Better take love than—bones! bones!

(SANCIA *kisses* PETRARCA.)

Better take love than bones."

(*They scatter with glee and PETRARCA seizes*

SANCIA to him.)

Petrarca. Yes, little Sancia! and you, my
friends!

Warm love is better, better!

And braver! Come, Lello! give me your
hand!

And you, Filippa! No, I'll have your lips!

Sancia (interposing). Or—less? One at a
time, Messer Petrarca!

You learn too fast. Mine only for to-night.

Petrarca. And for a thousand nights, Sancia
fair!

Sancia. You hear him? Santa Madonna!
pour us wine,

To pledge him in!

Petrarca. The tankards bubble o'er!

(They go to the table.)

And see, they are wreathed of April,

With loving myrtle and laurel intertwined.

We'll hold symposium, as bacchanals!

Sancia. And that is—what? some dull and

silly show

Out of your sallow books?

Petrarca. Those books were writ

With ink of the gods, my Sancia, upon

Papyri of the stars!

Sancia. And—long ago?

Ha! long ago?

Petrarca. Returnless centuries!

Sancia (contemptuously). Who loves the past,

loves mummies and their dust—

And he will mould!

Who loves the future loves what may not be,

And feeds on fear.

Only one flower has Time—its name is

Now!

Come, pluck it! pluck it!

Lello.

Brava, maid! the Now!

Sancia (dancing). Come, pluck it! pluck it!

Petrarca.

By my soul, I will!

(Seizes her again.)

It grows upon these lips—and if to-night

They leant out over the brink of Hell, I

would.

(She breaks from him.)

Filippa. Enough! the wine! the wine!

Sancia.

O ever-thirsty

And ever-thrifty Pippa! Well, pour out!

(She lifts a brimming cup.)

We'll drink to Messer Petrarca—

Who's weary of his bed-mate, Solitude.

May he long revel in the courts of Venus!

All (drinking). Aih, long!

Petrarca. As long as Sancia enchants them!

Filippa. I'd trust him not, Sancia. Put him
to oath.

Sancia. And, to the rack, if faithless? This
Filippa!

Messer Petrarca, should she not be made

High Jurisconsult to our lord, the Devil,

Whose breath of life is oaths? . . .

But, swear it! . . . by the Saints!

Who were great sinners all!

And by the bones of every monk or nun
Who ever darkened the world!

Lello. Or ever shall!

(*A pause.*)

Petrarca. I'll swear your eyes are singing
Under the shadow of your hair, mad Sancia,
Like nightingales in the wood.

Sancia. Pah! Messer Poet . . .
Such words as those you vent without an
end—

To the Lady Laura!

Petrarca. Stop!

(*Grows pale.*)

Not *her* name—here!

(*All have sat down; he rises.*)

Sancia. O-ho! this air will soil it? and it might

Not sound so sweet in sonnets ever after?

(To the rest—rising:)

Shall we depart, that he may still indite
them?

"To Laura—On the Vanity of Pas-
sion"?

"To Laura—Unrelenting"?

"To Laura—Whose Departing Darkens
the Sky"?

(Laughs.)

"To Laura—Who Deigns Not a Single
Tear"?

(ORSO enters.)

Shall we depart?

Lello. Peace! Sancia.

Sancia. Ah-ha!

(*Moves away.*)

Petrarca (*still tensely—to ORSO*). Speak.

Orso. Sir, you are desired.

Petrarca. By whom?

Orso. Her veil

Was lifted and she told me:

Therefore I say it out—Madonna Laura.

(*All stare, amazed. Silence.*)

Petrarca (*hoarsely*). What lie is this!

Orso. I am too old to lie.

Sancia (*laughing*). Who was the goddess that

his books tell of,

The cold one so long chaste, but who at
last——

Lello. Be silent, Sancia! Francesco . . . what?

Petrarca (*to ORSO*). Lead Monna Laura here—

(ORSO goes.)

If it is she! . . .

But you, my friends, must know how
strange this is,

And how—! . . . I have no words! . . .

Wait me, I pray you, yonder, in that
chamber.

(*They go, left, SANCIA shrugging. Then*

ORSO *brings* LAURA, *whom* PETRARCA
is helpless to greet, and who falters—
yet nobly determining, comes down.)

Laura. Messer Petrarca, . . . I have been im-
pelled

To come . . . and as the purest should,
boldly,

With lifted veil, to say . . .

Petrarca.

Lady!

Laura.

To say—

(Of gratitude I cannot give another . . .

For life to a woman is but resignation,

And that at last is shame) . . .

Petrarca.

At last . . . shame—

Laura. To say—Love is to us as light to the
lilies

That lean by Mont Ventoux.

The love of one pure man for one pure
woman.

Petrarca (dazed). Lady! . . .

Laura.

Yes, and—I've been

unkind to you.

Ungentle ever.

(*Shakes her head.*)

But there's no other way sometimes for
those

Who would be wholly true.

And yet . . . do I owe *any* truth to *him*?

Petrarca. To—Ugo di Sade?

Laura (bitterly). Who is called my husband?

How I was bound to him, you know! and
how

I've dwelt and have endured more than his
bursts

Of burning cruelty. For still, I thought,
He is my husband!

And still—He is my husband! . . .

But now no more I think it—oh! no more!
Too visible it is
That he belongs to any—who sell love.

So I may innocently say to you
Who for two years have sung my name
and suffered,
Yet never once have turned unto another—

(PETRARCA *pales.*)

I well may say . . .

(*Stopped by his manner.*)

There's something that you . . . Ah!

(*Sees, stricken, his grief and shame. Then
her glance goes round the room and falls
on the wine-table . . . Then SANCIA is
heard within.*)

Sancia. Well, well, Messer Petrarca! How
long will

You shut us in this dark—that is as black
As old Pope John the twenty-second's soul?

A pretty festa, this!

Petrarca (brokenly). Merciless God!

(Falls abased before LAURA'S look, tortured with remorse.)

O lady, what have I done beyond repair! . . .

(She gathers her veil.)

What have I lost within this gulf of shame!
For a paltry pleasure have I sold my dream,
Whose pinions would have lifted you at
last?

Laura (very pale). I did not know, Messer
Petrarca, you

Had friends awaiting.

(Pauses numbly.)

I came to-night, as first I would have said,

' With holy gratitude—

For a love I thought you gave.

With gratitude that honor well could
speak,

I thought, and yet be honor;

With gratitude forgetful of all else . . .

And trusting . . . But no matter:

All trust shall be embalmed and laid
away.

I go with pity; seeing

My husband—is even as other men.

*(She passes to the door and out: PETRARCA
moans. Then LELLO enters and comes
to him anxiously.)*

Lello. Francesco!

Petrarca. Lello!

(Dazed.)

Lello! Have I dreamed?

(Rising, with anguish.)

Did Laura come to me out of the night—
Come as the first voice breaking beyond
death

To one despairing? . . .

And was I lifted up to Heaven's dawn?

And then . . .

(Reels.)

God! am I falling . . . ? shall I ever . . . ?

Down this . . . ? . . . My friend stay
with me!

No, go . . . and take them with you—

Sancia—all! . . .

I have slain the Spring forever!

THE
CALIFORNIA
LIBRARY

The green of the whole fair world! . . . O

Laura! Laura!

*(Sinks down on the couch and buries his face
in his arms. LELLO goes sorrowfully
out.)*

THE END.

THE AVIGNON
LIBRARY



THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

PORZIA

By

CALE YOUNG RICE

IT PRESENTS a last phase of the Renaissance with great effect." *Sir Sidney Lee.*

"'Porzia' is a very romantic and beautiful thing. After a third reading I enjoy and admire it still more." *Gilbert Murray.*

"There are certain lyrical qualities in the dramas of Cale Young Rice and certain dramatic qualities in many of his finest lyrics that make it very difficult for the critic to resolve whether he is highest as singer or dramatist. 'Porzia' is a poetic play in which these two gifts blend with subtle and powerful effectiveness. It is not written in stereotyped heroic verse, but in sensitive metrical lines that vary in beat and measure with the strength, the tenderness, the anguish, bitterness and passion of love or hate they have to express. The bizarre and poignant central incident on which the action of 'Porzia' turns is such as would have appealed irresistibly to the imagination and dramatic instincts of the great Elizabethan dramatists, and Mr. Rice has developed it with a force and imaginative beauty that they alone could have equaled and with a restraint and delicacy of touch which makes pitiful and beautiful a

story they would have clothed in horror. . . . He turns what might have been a tragic close to something that is loftier and more moving. . . . It matters little that we hesitate between ranking Mr. Rice highest as dramatist or lyricist; what matters is that he has the faculty divine beyond any living poet of America; his inspiration is true, and his poetry is the real thing." *The London Bookman*.

"'Porzia' has the swift human movement which Mr. Rice puts into his dramas, and technique of a very high order. . . . The dramatic form is the most difficult to sustain harmoniously and this Mr. Rice always achieves." *The Baltimore News*.

"To the making of 'Porzia' Mr. Rice has summoned all the resources of his dramatic skill. On the constructive side it is particularly strong. . . . The opening scene is certainly one of the happiest Mr. Rice has written, while the climaxing third act is a brilliant piece of character study The play is rich in poetry; . . . in it Mr. Rice has scored another success . . . in a field where work of permanent value is rarely achieved." *Albert S. Henry (The Book News Monthly)*.

"Mr. Rice apes neither the high-flown style of the Elizabethans, nor the turgid and cryptic

style of Browning . . . 'Porzia' should attract the praise of all who wish to see real literature written in this country again." *The Covington (Ky.) Post*.

"The complete mastery of technique, the dignity and dramatic force of the characters, the beauty of the language and clear directness of the style together with the vivid imagination needed to portray so strikingly the renaissance spirit and atmosphere, make the work one that should last." *The Springfield (Mass.) Homestead*.

"It is not unjust to say that Cale Young Rice holds in America the position that Stephen Phillips holds in England." *The Scotsman (Edinburgh)*.

"Had no other poetic drama than this been written in America, there would be hope for the future of poetry on the stage." *John G. Neihardt (The Minneapolis Journal)*.

THE
UNIVERSITY OF
CHICAGO
PRESS

70 VINU
SUNSHINE

FAR QUESTS

CALE YOUNG RICE

THE countrymen of Cale Young Rice apparently regard him as the equal of the great American poets of the past.

Far Quests is good unquestionably. It shows a wide range of thought, and sympathy, and real skill in workmanship, while occasionally it rises to heights of simplicity and truth, that suggest such inspiration as should mean lasting fame.—*The Daily Telegraph* (London).

"Mr. Rice's lyrics are deeply impressive. A large number are complete and full-blooded works of art."—*Prof. Wm. Lyon Phelps* (Yale University).

"*Far Quests* contains much beautiful work—the work of a real poet in imagination and achievement."—*Prof. J. W. Mackail* (Oxford University).

"Mr. Rice is determined to get away from local or national limitations and be at whatever cost universal. . . . These poems are always animated by a force and freshness of feeling rare in work of such high virtuosity."—*The Scotsman* (Edinburgh).

"Mr. Cale Young Rice is acknowledged by his countrymen to be one of their great poets.

There is great charm in his nature songs (of this volume) and in his songs of the East. Mr. Rice writes with great simplicity and beauty."—*The Sphere* (London).

Mr. Rice's forte is poetic drama. Yet in the act of saying this the critic is confronted by such poems as *The Mystic* . . . These are the poems of a thinker, a man of large horizons, an optimist profoundly impressed with the pathos of man's quest for happiness in all lands."—*The Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Mr. Rice's latest volume shows no diminution of poetic power. Fecundity is a mark of the genuine poet, and a glance through these pages will demonstrate how rich Mr. Rice is in vitality and variety of thought . . . There is too, the unmistakable quality of style. It is spontaneous, flexible, and strong with the strength of simplicity—a style of rare distinction.—*Albert S. Henry*, (*The Book News Monthly*, Philadelphia).

THE IMMORTAL LURE

CALE YOUNG RICE

It is great art — with great vitality.

James Lane Allen.

In the midst of the Spring rush there arrives one book for which all else is pushed aside . . . We have been educated to the belief that a man must be long dead before he can be enrolled with the great ones. Let us forget this cruel teaching . . . This volume contains four poetic dramas all different in setting, and all so beautiful that we cannot choose one more perfect than another. . . . Too extravagant praise cannot be given Mr. Rice.

The San Francisco Call.

Four brief dramas, different from Paola & Francesca, but excelling it—or any other of Mr. Phillips's work, it is safe to say—in a vivid presentment of a supreme moment in the lives of the characters . . . They form excellent examples of the range of Mr. Rice's genius in this field. *The New York Times Review.*

Mr. Rice is quite the most ambitious, and most distinguished of contemporary poetic dramatists in America. *The Boston Transcript (W. S. Braithwaite.)*

The vigor and originality of Mr. Rice's work never outweigh that first qualification, beauty . . . No American writer has so enriched the body of our poetic literature in the past few years.

The New Orleans Picayune.

Mr. Rice is beyond doubt the most distinguished poetic dramatist America has yet produced.

The Detroit Free Press.

That in Cale Young Rice a new American poet of great power and originality has arisen cannot be denied. He has somehow discovered the secret of the mystery, wonder and spirituality of human

existence, which has been all but lost in our commercial civilization. May he succeed in awakening our people from sordid dreams of gain.

Rochester (N. Y.) Post Express.

No writer in England or America holds himself to higher ideals (than Mr. Rice) and everything he does bears the imprint of exquisite taste and the finest poetic instinct.

The Portland Oregonian.

In simplicity of art form and sheer mystery of romanticism these poetic dramas embody the new century artistry that is remaking current imaginative literature.

The Philadelphia North American.

Cale Young Rice is justly regarded as the leading master of the difficult form of poetic drama.

Portland (Me.) Press.

Mr. Rice has outlived the prophesy that he would one day rival Stephen Phillips in the poetic drama. As dexterous in the mechanism of his art, the young American is the Englishman's superior in that unforced quality which bespeaks true inspiration, and in a wider variety of manner and theme.

San Francisco Chronicle.

Mr. Rice's work has often been compared to Stephen Phillips's and there is great resemblance in their expression of high vision. Mr. Rice's technique is sure . . . his knowledge of his settings impeccable, and one feels sincerely the passion, power and sensuous beauty of the whole. "Arduin" (one of the plays) is perfect tragedy; as rounded as a sphere, as terrible as death.

Review of Reviews.

The Immortal Lure is a very beautiful work.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

The action in Mr. Rice's dramas is invariably compact and powerful, his writing remarkably forcible and clear, with a rare grasp of form. The plays are brief and classic.

Baltimore News.

These four dramas, each a separate unit perfect in itself and differing widely in treatment, are yet vitally related by reason of the one central theme, wrought out with rich imagery and with compelling dramatic power.

The Louisville Times (U. S.)

The literary and poetical merit of these dramas is undeniable, and they are charged with the emotional life and human interest that should, but do not, always go along with those other high gifts.

The (London) Bookman.

Mr. Rice never [like Stephen Phillips] mistakes strenuous phrase for strong thought. He makes his blank verse his servant, and it has the stage merit of possessing the freedom of prose while retaining the impassioned movement of poetry.

The Glasgow (Scotland) Herald.

These firm and vivid pieces of work are truly welcome as examples of poetic force that succeeds without the help of poetic license.

The Literary World (London.)

We do not possess a living American poet whose utterance is so clear, so felicitous, so free from the inane and meretricious folly of sugared lines. . . . No one has a better understanding of the development of dramatic action than Mr. Rice.

The Book News Monthly (Albert S. Henry.)

COUNTRY LITERATURE
IN AMERICA



THE WORLD'S WORK



THE GARDEN
MAGAZINE

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

MANY GODS

By

CALE YOUNG RICE

THESE poems are flashingly, glowingly full of the East. . . . What I am sure of in Mr. Rice is that here we have an American poet whom we may claim as ours." *The North American Review* (William Dean Howells).

"Mr. Rice has the gift of leadership. . . and he is a force with whom we must reckon." *The Boston Transcript*.

. . . "We find here a poet who strives to reach the goal which marks the best that can be done in poetry." *The Book News Monthly* (A. S. Henry).

"When you hear the pessimists bewailing the good old time when real poets were abroad in the land . . . do not fail to quote them almost anything by Cale Young Rice, a real poet writing to-day. . . . He has done so much splendid work one can scarcely praise him too highly." *The San Francisco Call*.

"In 'Many Gods' the scenes are those of the East, and while it is not the East of Loti, Arnold or Hearn, it is still a place of

brooding, majesty, mystery and subtle fascination. There is a temptation to quote such verses for their melody, dignity of form, beauty of imagery and height of inspiration." *The Chicago Journal*.

"'Love's Cynic' (a long poem in the volume) might be by Browning at his best." *Pittsburg Gazette-Times*.

"This is a serious, and from any standpoint, a successful piece of work . . . in it are poems that will become classic." *Passaic (New Jersey) News*.

"Mr. Rice must be hailed as one among living masters of his art, one to whom we may look for yet greater things." *Presbyterian Advance*.

"This book is in many respects a remarkable work. The poems are indeed poems." *The Nashville Banner*.

"Mr. Rice's poetical plays reach a high level of achievement. . . . But these poems show a higher vision and surer mastery of expression than ever before." *The London Bookman*.

Net, \$1.25 (postage 12c.)

NIRVANA DAYS

Poems by

CALE YOUNG RICE

MR. RICE has the technical cunning that makes up almost the entire equipment of many poets nowadays, but human nature is more to him always . . . and he has the feeling and imaginative sympathy without which all poetry is but an empty and vain thing." *The London Bookman*.

"Mr. Rice's note is a clarion call, and of his two poems, 'The Strong Man to His Sires' and 'The Young to the Old,' the former will send a thrill to the heart of every man who has the instinct of race in his blood, while the latter should be printed above the desk of every minor poet and pessimist. . . . The sonnets of the sequence, 'Quest and Requital,' have the elements of great poetry in them." *The Glasgow (Scotland) Herald*.

"Mr. Rice's poems are singularly free from affectation, and he seems to have written because of the sincere need of expressing something that had to take art form." *The Sun (New York)*.

"The ability to write verse that scans is quite common. . . . But the inspired thought behind the lines is a different

thing; and it is this thought untrammelled — the clear vision searching into the deeps of human emotion — which gives the verse of Mr. Rice weight and potency. . . . In the range of his metrical skill he easily stands with the best of living craftsmen . . . and we have in him . . . a poet whose dramas and lyrics will endure." *The Book News Monthly* (A. S. Henry).

"These poems are marked by a breadth of outlook, individuality and beauty of thought. The author reveals deep, sincere feeling on topics which do not readily lend themselves to artistic expression and which he makes eminently worth while." *The Buffalo* (N. Y.) *Courier*.

"We get throughout the idea of a vast universe and of the soul merging itself in the infinite. . . . The great poem of the volume, however, is 'The Strong Man to His Sires.'" *The Louisville Post* (Margaret S. Anderson).

"The poems possess much music . . . and even in the height of intensified feeling the clearness of Mr. Rice's ideas is not dimmed by the obscure haze that too often goes with the divine fire." *The Boston Globe*.

Paper boards. Net, \$1.25 (postage 12c.)

A NIGHT IN AVIGNON

By

CALE YOUNG RICE

Successfully produced by Donald Robertson

IT IS as vivid as a page from Browning. Mr. Rice has the dramatic pulse." *James Huneker.*

"It embraces in small compass all the essentials of the drama. *New York Saturday Times Review* (Jessie B. Rittenhouse).

"It presents one of the most striking situations in dramatic literature and its climax could not be improved." *The San Francisco Call.*

"It has undeniable power, and is a very decided poetic achievement." *The Boston Transcript.*

"It leaves an enduring impression of a soul tragedy." *The Churchman.*

"Since the publication of his 'Charles di Tocca' and other dramas, Cale Young Rice has justly been regarded as a leading American master of that difficult form, and many critics have ranked him above Stephen Phillips, at least on the dramatic side of his art. And this judgment is further confirmed by 'A Night in Avignon.' It is almost incredible that in less than 500 lines Mr. Rice should have been able to create so perfect a

play with so powerful a dramatic effect." *The Chicago Record-Herald* (Edwin S. Shuman)

"There is poetic richness in this brilliant composition; a beauty of sentiment and grace in every line. It is impressive, metrically pleasing and dramatically powerful." *The Philadelphia Record*.

"It offers one of the most striking situations in dramatic literature." *The Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"The publication of a poetic drama of the quality of Mr. Rice's is an important event in the present tendency of American literature. He is a leader in this most significant movement, and 'A Night in Avignon' is marked, like his other plays, by dramatic directness, high poetic fervor, clarity of poetic diction, and felicity of phrasing." *The Chicago Journal*.

"It is a dramatically told episode, and the metre is most effectively handled, making a welcome change for blank verse, and greatly enhancing the interest." *Sydney Lee*.

"Many critics, on hearing Mr. Bryce's prediction that America will one day have a poet, would be tempted to remind him of Mr. Rice." *The Hartford (Conn.) Courant*.

Net 50c. (postage 5c.)

YOLANDA OF CYPRUS

A Poetic Drama by

CALE YOUNG RICE

IT HAS real life and drama, not merely beautiful words, and so differs from the great mass of poetic plays.

Prof. Gilbert Murray.

Minnie Maddern Fisk says: "No one can doubt that it is superior poetically and dramatically to Stephen Phillips's work," and that Mr. Rice ranks with Mr. Phillips at his best has often been reaffirmed.

"It is encouraging to the hope of a native drama to know that an American has written a play which is at the same time of decided poetic merit and of decided dramatic power."

The New York Times.

"The most remarkable quality of the play is its sustained dramatic strength. Poetically it is frequently of great beauty. It is also lofty in conception, lucid and felicitous in style, and the dramatic pulse throbs in every line."

The Chicago Record-Herald.

"The characters are drawn with force and the play is dignified and powerful," and adds that if it does not succeed on the stage it will be "because of its excellence."

The Springfield Republican.

"Mr. Rice is one of the few present-day poets who have the steadiness and weight for a well-sustained drama."

The Louisville Post (Margaret Anderson).

"It has equal command of imagination, dramatic utterance, picturesque effectiveness and metrical harmony."

The London (England) Bookman.

T. P.'s Weekly says: "It might well stand the difficult test of production and will be welcomed by all who care for serious verse."

The Glasgow (Scotland) Herald says: "Yolanda of Cyprus is finely constructed; the irregular blank verse admirably adapted for the exigencies of intense emotion; the characters firmly drawn; and the climax serves the purpose of good stagecraft and poetic justice."

"It is well constructed and instinct with dramatic power." *Sydney Lee.*

"It is as readable as a novel."

The Pittsburg Post.

"Here and there an almost Shakespearean note is struck. In makeup, arrangement, and poetic intensity it ranks with Stephen Phillips's work." *The Book News Monthly.*

(Net, \$1.25 (postage 10c.))

COUNTRY LIVES
IN AMERICA



THE WORLD'S WORK



THE GARDEN
MAGAZINE

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., GARDEN CITY, N. Y.

DAVID

A Poetic Drama by

CALE YOUNG RICE

I WAS greatly impressed with it and derived a sense of personal encouragement from the evidence of so fine and lofty a product for the stage." *Richard Mansfield.*

"It is a powerful piece of dramatic portraiture in which Cale Young Rice has again demonstrated his insight and power. What he did before in 'Charles di Tocca' he has repeated and improved upon. . . . Not a few instances of his strength might be cited as of almost Shakespearean force. Indeed the strictly literary merit of the tragedy is altogether extraordinary. It is a contribution to the drama full of charm and power." *The Chicago Tribune.*

"From the standpoint of poetry, dignity of conception, spiritual elevation and finish and beauty of line, Mr. Rice's 'David' is, perhaps, superior to his 'Yolanda of Cyprus,' but the two can scarcely be compared." *The New York Times (Jessie B. Rittenhouse).*

"Never before has the theme received treatment in a manner so worthy of it." *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"It needs but a word, for it has been passed upon and approved by critics all over the country." *Book News Monthly*. And again: "But few recent writers seem to have found the secret of dramatic blank verse; and of that small number, Mr. Rice is, if not first, at least without superior."

"With instinctive dramatic and poetic power, Mr. Rice combines a knowledge of the exigencies of the stage." *Harper's Weekly*.

"It is safe to say that were Mr. Rice an Englishman or a Frenchman, his reputation as his country's most distinguished poetic dramatist would have been assured by a more universal sign of recognition. *The Baltimore News* (writing of all Mr. Rice's plays).

Net, \$1.25 (postage 12c.)

CHARLES DI TOCCA

By

CALE YOUNG RICE

I TAKE off my hat to Mr. Rice. His play is full of poetry, and the pitch and dignity of the whole are remarkable."

James Lane Allen.

"It is a dramatic poem one reads with a heightened sense of its fine quality throughout. It is sincere, strong, finished and noble, and sustains its distinction of manner to the end. . . . The character of Helena is not unworthy of any of the great masters of dramatic utterance." *The Chicago Tribune.*

"The drama is one of the best of the kind ever written by an American author. Its whole tone is masterful, and it must be classed as one of the really literary works of the season." (1903). *The Milwaukee Sentinel.*

"It shows a remarkable sense of dramatic construction as well as poetic power and strong characterization." *James MacArthur, in Harper's Weekly.*

"This play has many elements of perfection. Its plot is developed with ease and with a large dramatic force; its characters are drawn with sympathy and decision; and its thoughts

rise to a very real beauty. By reason of it the writer has gained an assured place among playwrights who seek to give literary as well as dramatic worth to their plays." *The Richmond (Va.) News-Leader.*

"The action of the play is admirably compact and coherent, and it contains tragic situations which will afford pleasure not only to the student, but to the technical reader." *The Nation.*

"It is the most powerful, vital, and truly tragical drama written by an American for some years. There is genuine pathos, mighty yet never repellent passion, great sincerity and penetration, and great elevation and beauty of language." *The Chicago Post.*

"Mr. Rice ranks among America's choicest poets on account of his power to turn music into words, his virility, and of the fact that he has something of his own to say." *The Boston Globe.*

"The whole play breathes forth the indefinable spirit of the Italian renaissance. In poetic style and dramatic treatment it is a work of art." *The Baltimore Sun.*

Paper boards. Net, \$1.25 (postage, 9c.)

SONG-SURF

(Being the Lyrics of Plays and Lyrics) by

CALE YOUNG RICE

MR. RICE'S work betrays wide sympathies with nature and life, and a welcome originality of sentiment and metrical harmony." *Sydney Lee.*

"In his lyrics Mr. Rice's imagination works most successfully. He is an optimist — and in these days an optimist is irresistible — and he can touch delicately things too holy for a rough or violent pathos." *The London Star (James Douglas).*

"Mr. Rice's highest gift is essentially lyrical. His lyrics have a charm and grace of melody distinctively their own." *The London Bookman.*

"Mr. Rice is keenly responsive to the loveliness of the outside world, and he reveals this beauty in words that sing themselves." *The Boston Transcript.*

"Mr. Rice's work is everywhere marked by true imaginative power and elevation of feeling." *The Scotsman.*

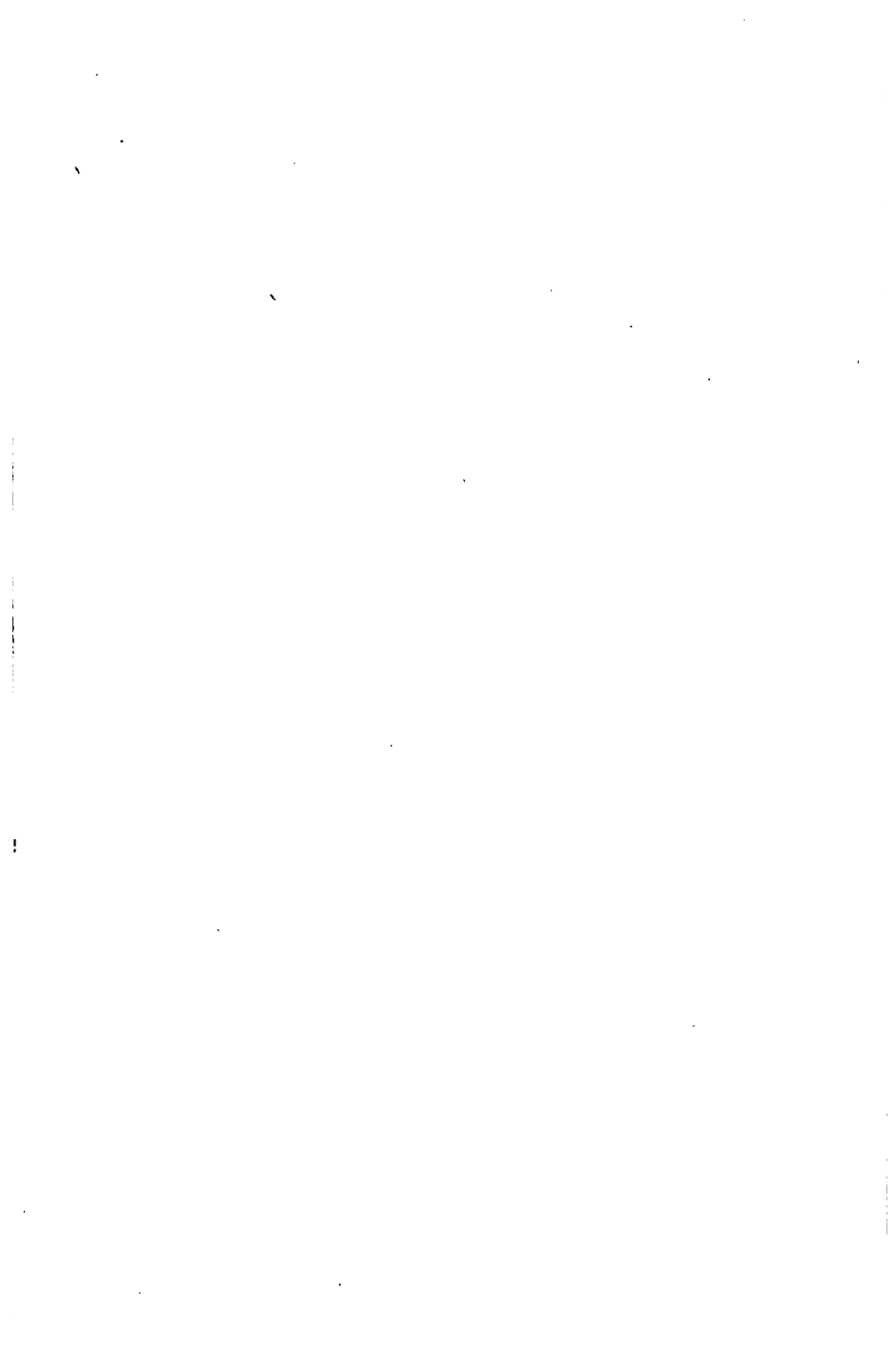
"Mr. Rice's work would seem to rank with the best of our American poets of to-day." *The Atlanta Constitution.*

"Mr. Rice's poems are touched with the magic of the muse. They have inspiration, grace and true lyric quality." *The Book News Monthly*.

"Mr. Rice's poetry as a whole is both strongly and delicately spiritual. Many of these lyrics have the true romantic mystery and charm. . . . To write thus is no indifferent matter. It indicates not only long work but long brooding on the beauty and mystery of life." *The Louisville Post*.

"Mr. Rice is indisputably one of the greatest poets who have lived in America. . . . And some of these (earlier) poems are truly beautiful. *The Times-Union (Albany, N. Y.)*

Net, \$1.25 (postage 12c.)



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY,
BERKELEY

**THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW**

Books not returned on time are subject to a fine of 50c per volume after the third day overdue, increasing to \$1.00 per volume after the sixth day. Books not in demand may be renewed if application is made before expiration of loan period.

MAR 21 1922

FEB 25 1924

MAR 24 1924

20m-11,'20

aku a
21

YB 31975

324919

Rice

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

